

TO mark the Duke of Edinburgh's opening last week of his study conference on the Human Problems of Industrial Communities the Oxford University Press printed 750 copies of a book of four speeches the Duke has delivered during the past five years. These are to be presented as souvenirs to all students and lecturers taking part.

I am not surprised that this slim volume makes excellent reading. Whenever the Duke of Edinburgh speaks, he has something to say—something stimulating, vigorous and, above all, contemporary. Whatever machinery the Duke's first draft has to pass through before the speech is delivered, it is always the authentic quality of the Duke's own mind which comes through, and even his brief addresses on formal occasions avoid the hollow stamp of ceremonial.

The Oxford University Press should expand their graceful venture and issue the book, and subsequent volumes, to the public.

### Pen Without a Nib

SEVEN hundred and fifty delegates to the P.E.N. Congress have munched their last



André Maurois

canapé, swallowed their last glass of sherry, retracted their ball-points and departed. André Maurois, whose portrait by Paul

Hogarth I reproduce, is off to St. Malo, where he will be the prize turn at the festival marking Shaw's centenary.

What message to authors have they left behind? What manifesto to readers?

Mr. Elmer Rice's gloomy observations on the new dangers of mass censorship are certainly worth preserving, but, since I cannot remember a single pronouncement resulting from any of the other twenty-seven annual P.E.N. Congresses, I suspect that, like intercontinental conferences in any other field, the act of conferring



Elmer Rice

is considered to be an end in itself.

This uncharitable attitude to a worthy body of *littérateurs* stems in part from reading William Faulkner's sharp, lucid, honest advice to writers in the spring issue of "The Paris Review," a quarterly now appearing in New York as well as in Paris.

### Writing—With Tears

Here are some of Mr. Faulkner's golden words:

The young novelist needs "99 per cent. talent, 99 per cent. discipline, 99 per cent. work. He must never be satisfied with what he does. . . . An artist is a creature driven by demons. He does not know why they choose

him and he is usually too busy to wonder why. . . . He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. Everything goes by the board, honour, pride, peace, security and happiness. If a writer has to rob his mother he will not hesitate. The "Ode To The Grecian Urn" is worth any number of old ladies.

"Art is not concerned with environment. The best job ever offered to me was to become the landlord in a disorderly house. It is the perfect milieu for an artist to work in. It gives him economic freedom. He has a roof over his head and nothing

to do except keep a few simple accounts and go once a month and pay off the local police. The place is quiet during the morning hours, which is the best time of the day for the book."

Alas, such straight talk can come from one man, but not from 750.

### "Sherm"

NOW that General Eisenhower has made up his mind, Washington's comment is "No change. 'Sherm' carries on."

Sherman Adams, who has the

title of Assistant to President Eisenhower, is the most powerful *eminence grise* in the world.

Robert Donovan in "Eisenhower, The Inside Story" says "Adams has handled a considerable amount of the work which, in past Administrations, has been done by the President himself. By the time many important projects have reached the President they have already been shaped in part by Adams himself."

This was written when the President was well. It gives an

inkling of Sherman Adams's power when the President is out of action.

### Gays and Doves

MR. SAM GOLDWYN is in Paris on his way to London for the opening of "Guys and Dolls," which he describes as "the most ambitious film of my entire career."

The French Press hailed him as the producer of "Guides et Poupées," which is rather as felicitous than the Runyonesque *apogée* of the official screen title—"Blanches Colombes et Vilains Messieurs."

### From Publishers' Row

IN a few months' time one of our greatest publishers, Mr. Robert Lusty, will be leaving Michael Joseph Ltd. and joining Hutchinson's as their managing director.

Robert Lusty began his career with Hutchinson's twenty-eight years ago, but it was then only a shadow of the present mammoth firm that publishes between 500 to 600 books a year.

It is always a good thing for a publisher to have himself suffered the pains of authorship. Robert Lusty's first novel, "George Ashbury," showed that he could have achieved fame as a writer if he had not given all his energies to helping build up Michael Joseph's into the most successful "young" publishing house of his generation.

More recently he has been a particularly forceful chairman of the National Book League and advisor to the Nuffield Foundation on the present state of the learned societies' journals.

Hutchinson's are fortunate in getting back their young apprentice.

### The Tax-Man Cometh

THE "Mayfair" of Paris is the XVI Arrondissement, comprising the Avenue Foch and the area from the Bois de Boulogne to the Etoile and beyond.

The Residents' Association of this, the richest section of Paris, last week published the statistics of their district. These included the bland assertion that the average declared income of heads of families in the XVI was only £841 a year, compared with the official £478 a year average for all Paris.

By an unfortunate coincidence, no doubt spotted by the district tax inspectors, on the day the report was published,

the Patino house, at the corner of the Avenue Foch and the Rue Lesueur, was sold at auction for £245,000.

### Bugatti is Back

THE first post-war Bugatti, which took four years to build at a cost of some £100,000, completed only eighteen laps of its debut at the French Grand Prix at Reims, but such is the magic of the name that it stole the show.

The Bugatti "251," as it is called, is a straight-eight, 2.5 litre, rear-engined model designed by the Italian Giacchino Colombo. It is the inspiration of Pierre Marco, the famous colleague of Ettore Bugatti, in association with



The "251"

Roland Bugatti, Ettore's second son. (Jean was killed testing a car in 1939.)

### The "Cold Bug"

"Bugatti" is a word of love in the sports car world, and the Bugatti Owners' Club is the most dedicated of all racing coteries. Two years ago the club decided to make a stud book of all the Bugattis in the world. They collected data on 441 and are still trying to track down the rest.

Much of their devotion is to the fabulous personality of Ettore Bugatti. He was a passionate craftsman. His love for his cars was such that he would sell the giant Type 41, "La Royale," which cost £15,000 in 1930, only to customers who had passed the test of a week in his country house at Molsheim.

Unless the aspirant proved deponently worthy of the "Cold Bug," he and his money were politely sent packing. Only seven men survived the test. I wonder who they were.

### Rich Pickings

"SLAMMING Sammy" Sneed says that among gambling golfers in the States the popular slogan is "Give me a man with a fast back-swing and a fat wallet."